

Six Nights A Week [G]

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Thanks to Rena Smith

Well, I've been singing in the bar since God knows when
Six nights a week
I rest on Sunday, then I'm back again
Six nights a week
I stare at the same old faces
And I gaze out at the empty seats
And think of when you said goodbye
Six nights a week

Now crazy Charlie wants the same old song
Six nights a week
He puts a dollar in the tip jar and he sings along
Six nights a week
So I play him the one about the hotel
At the end of a lonely street
And wish that you'd walk through that door
Six nights a week

Well, six nights a week, from nine until two
Lord, what else in the world am I sup-posed to do
A week with my buddies and I'm starting to itch
I'm left to draw your face on this same old stage

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Louann sits on the same bar stool
Six nights a week
No, she don't say nothing 'til she's had a few
Six nights a week
Then she tells me she could make me happy
And she says it with a smile and a wink
But at two A.M I go home alone
Six nights a week

Well, six nights a week, from nine until two
Lord, what else in the world am I sup-posed to do
A week with my buddies and I'm starting to itch
And I'm left to draw your face on this same old stage

Six nights six nights a week
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